

West Liberty, Ky., March 3, 1879

Isabel T. H. Morgan County Publishing Co. Incorporated.

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H. G. COTTLE, EDITOR.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce G. V. LYKINS of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the office of County Judge of Morgan county.

We are authorized to announce ALEX WHITAKER of Caney, as a candidate for the nomination for County Judge of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce FRANK KENNAIRD of Logville, as a candidate for the nomination for County Attorney of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce H. M. DAVIS of West Liberty, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce REN F. NICKELL of West Liberty, as a candidate for Clerk of the Morgan County Court, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce JAMES W. DAVIS, of Ezel, as a candidate for the nomination for Superintendent of Schools of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce C. E. CLARK of Caney, as a candidate to the nomination for Superintendent of Schools of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce L. A. LYKINS of Index, as a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce SAM R. LYKINS, of Caney, as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Sheriff of Morgan county.

We are authorized to announce W. W. McCLEURE, of West Liberty, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce E. J. WEBB, of Blair's Mill, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce J. H. ROE, of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce GEO. W. STACY, of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce JOHN PATRICK, (Assessor John) of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for Assessor of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce REV. W. H. LINDON of Insko, as a candidate for the nomination for Assessor of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce LEE BARKER, of Malone, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

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Mr. Bryan, will you please go in the back yard and play?

Now that Brown and McCutcheon, erstwhile political bosses of Kentucky, have knocked under, let us hope that a brighter era for the State is dawning.

A patron asked the other day, why school notes were not published in the COURIER regularly like last year. Let's drop that subject. Everyone interested to any extent knows why, and unless we are piqued by unjust criticism we prefer not to air soiled linen.

The strongest argument against woman suffrage is that the leaders of that movement have no babies. It is not backed by the mothers. For old maids and childless married women some diversion should be provided, but shoo them away from that suffrage thing that would take the woman worth while from her Queenland—the Home.

Ryland C. Musick, editor of the Jackson Times, is a candidate for Delegate to the National Democratic Convention. Mr. Musick is eminently qualified for the position, and if party service is to be recognized is entitled to it. The Democratic editors work 365 days in the year for the party, and the only reward they ever ask is some position without pay that entails a heavy expense to be paid by themselves. Personally, Mr. Musick is a pleasant, worthy gentleman. A hustler and a Democrat all the time. We predict that he will land the honor.

The express companies seem to be behind the movement to defeat the Parcel Post bill. We have been swamped with literature arguing against it, but we are yet unconvinced. Just as government ownership of railroads is inevitable, so with the Parcel Post. The sooner we get the latter the better for the people. It requires a demonstration to convince the people. The Parcel Post will teach them how flagrantly they are being robbed by the express companies and they will then begin to smell out the exorbitant freight rates that prevail.

Monopoly and oppression are at last having to fight to exist, and the awakening intelligence of the people will in the end win. The Republican party and its concomitant monopolies will pass into oblivion when the people exercise their reason.

We favor the Parcel Post.

Farm For Sale

140 acres, good house and barn, good orchard and garden, two good wells and one spring. 70 acres good Licking river bottom land, all under good fence. Will take good live stock on first payment; balance on one and two years time. Price—\$2,500. Call on or write

C. W. CLAY, Salt Lick, Ky. 88-3t Care Judge Kimbrell.

Com-muni-cation is destined to accomplish much good for the town and surrounding Country is apparent to the most casual observer. The uniform system of sidewalks, to be constructed along the lines and according to the plans submitted by the club, seems to be a sure thing. But little opposition to the scheme has developed thus far, and those who oppose it will not accept the club's invitation to attend its meetings and discuss the proposition frankly and freely. The invitation was extended to them in good faith and is still open. No harm can come of a full discussion of every phase of the question, and that is what we, as a Club, and the citizens of West Liberty generally, want. The truth is what we are trying to get at, and if any one has any information bearing on the sidewalk question, either in regard to the cost of construction, the bond issue or any other subject relative to the building of the walks and paying for the same, he ought to come before the Commercial Club and give it the benefit of his knowledge. The sidewalk question is being agitated by the progressive citizens of the town from a sense of civic duty and because of a conscientious belief that they are taking a step in the right direction and are doing something for the betterment of all concerned. No one will be able to say, in the future, that the matter was railroaded through—that they were not given a chance to be heard. The concrete walks are going to be built, sooner or later, and if the people should refuse to accept the present proposition it would only mean that the Board of trustees, or their successors, will eventually pass an ordinance ordering the walks constructed and then the property owners would be compelled to pay the full cost of construction at one time instead of having ten years in which to do it.

Opportunities like this don't come every day and when opportunity passes by it don't turn back.

Corn Club! CORN CLUB!! CORN CLUB!!! We have three expressed candidates for County Superintendent, with perhaps others looking over the bars. That office is educational and the man or woman who fills it successfully must be an educator. What an opportunity for the would-be Superintendent! There are probably five hundred boys in this county between the ages of 12 and 16 years. At least one hundred of these (five hundred would be better) ought to enter a corn growing contest. The benefits to be derived from such a movement could not be computed in dollars and cents. Something must be done for the farmers of Morgan county. Now is the opportunity. The candidate for Superintendent who will interest himself in this work and show results will gain a lead over his competitors that all the electioneering they will be able to do can not overcome. One month spent in this work now will do more toward securing the nomination than everything else combined. This hint is intended for the wise.

I matters but little if the editor of the COURIER parts his hair in the middle or if the foreman wears good size shoes. Neither of us have suffered our whiskers to get fleeced or grown or to become the depository of sputum six days old. Our wit is not our only stock in trade and if it were we would not use it to retard the development of our home town.

Go to, forehead; you are kicking against the pricks and the more you flounce the deeper you'll get the hooks.

The men who do a town more harm than good may be classed as follows: First, those who oppose improvement. Second, those who run it down to strangers. Third, those who never advertise their business. Fourth, those who distrust public spirited men. Fifth, those who show no hospitality to any one. Sixth, those who hate to see others make money. Seventh, those who put on long faces when a stranger speaks of locating in their town. Ninth, those who oppose every public enterprise, which does not appear of personal benefit to themselves. Is there one like this in this town? We think not.—ex.

We can't say that for West Liberty.

An editor was dying, but when the doctor bent over, placed his ear on his breast, and said, "Poor man! Circulation almost gone!" the dying editor shouted: "You're a liar! We have the largest circulation in the county."—Exchange.

GUMPTION

BY L. T. HOVERMALE.

I were not for the fact that I give Job cards and spades to him in the game of patience, I would get wearied with Orthodox. Believe it or not, the Roman senate, for only one refrain. No matter what the subject before that body was, he would rise in his seat and, instead of voting, shout: "Carthago must be destroyed!" Orthodox has read or heard it read, that "individual" effort was the great force that was to save mankind. Without having the slightest idea of what he means he makes it the burden of his song. He hasn't brains enough to know that that is a false and vicious theory that has been insidiously instilled in the minds of the people by designing rascals who plunder the toilers.

The capitalist class teach that doctrine, through a prostituted press and fawning pulpit, in order that the poor, unthinking workingman will work on uncomplainingly hoping that "individual" effort will better his condition. And the dumb, driven laborer toils on while his opportunity for making a bare living grows daily less and less. The capitalist class, in order to still the storm when the herd of workers threaten to stampede, increases wages 10 per cent. and at the same time increases the prices on the necessities of life 40 per cent. The worker goes back to his ceaseless toil satisfied with what he has accomplished by his "individual" effort.

True, the laboring man can, under favorable circumstances, by denying himself the necessities of life, sometimes get a few dollars ahead provided he has inherited an unusual amount of that disposition known as thrift. But he cannot lift himself out of his class. In rare cases men do, under extraordinary conditions, better their condition, but it is only those who have inherited a mind that is selfish and cunning. He is a rare bird, however.

If individual effort is so potent in the affairs of man why is it that the land—the source of wealth—and all the means of the production of wealth is being absorbed by the few? Why is it that less than 4 per cent. of the inhabitants of the great city of

New York own the homes they live in? Why is it that 60 per cent. of the wealth of this country is in the hands of 15 per cent. of the people? Why don't orthodox and his tribe "individual effort" enough to stop the soaring prices of food? Why don't they "individual effort" sufficiently to bust the trusts that are absorbing their very means of making a living? With starvation, privation, woe and misery clinging to them like cerements these ignoramus rear up on their hind legs and, like other jackasses, bray: "You mustn't take away from us the incentive that 'individual effort' gives!"

Prodded on by their masters, Orthodox and his crowd set up the cry of "Anarchist!" at those who believe that the product of labor should belong to the laborer who produces it. We are "undesirable citizens" who preach that man is one great brotherhood and that the oppression of one is the cause of many. Yes, it would destroy "individual effort" if the means of production and distribution of wealth were taken from the idle thieves who stole them and put in the hands of the real owners—labor. It would be a great crime against humanity if the wealth that is produced by labor should be distributed to each man in proportion to the amount of labor he put into the production of it. What a blow it would be to our splendid civilization if things were so arranged that the hours of the laborer should be fewer and the laborer could educate his children and dress them well and could have luxuries for his family. And it would be a measly shame to compel the white-handed idlers to either work or starve.

Orthodox and his horde of wage-slaves are so wedded to their chains that preaching the economic truth to them is about as effective as singing psalms to a dead nigger. They kiss the hand that binds them and revile those who offer relief. Were it not for this dense, pitiable ignorance the reign of the capitalistic plunderer would be short. Oh! that some miraculous power could give the poor, benighted Orthodoxes sufficient brains to see this, and courage enough to throw off the yoke and like men demand and take their own!

Very Serious
It is a very serious matter to ask for one medicine, and have the wrong one given you. For this reason we urge you in buying to be careful to get the genuine—

THE FORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT Liver Medicine

The reputation of this old, reliable medicine, for constipation, indigestion and liver trouble, is firmly established. It does not irritate other medicines. It is better than others, or it would not be the favorite liver powder, with a larger sale than all others combined.

SOLD IN TOWN F2

WITHOUT OPIATES NARCOTICS FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR COMPOUND

STOPS COUGHS - CURES COLDS. For CROUP, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, LA GRIPPE COUGHS, HOARSENESS and ALL COUGHS and COLDS. It is BEST and SAFEST for CHILDREN and for GROWN PERSONS.

The Genuine is in a Yellow Package

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We tell you how, and pay best market prices. We are dealers established in 1846, and can do BETTER for you than agents or commission men. Write for weekly price list. M. SABEL & SONS 727-2531 A 33 E. Market St. LOUISVILLE, KY. Dealers in FURS, HIDES, WOOL.

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Relieves sour stomach, palpitation of the heart. Digests what you eat.

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We are the LIVE WIRES in Real Estate!

If you don't see what you want advertised here, call on us, or write to us. We can suit you in town or farm property. If you have property to sell, list it with us. West Liberty offers splendid opportunities for investment. A live, growing town, good school, natural gas, surrounding territory good farming, near vast coal deposits, on Licking river. Property steadily advancing in price. Let us serve you.

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Your checks (which the Bank preserves for you) is a complete record of all your transactions, if you do your business through this Bank. Besides, your money is safe from Fire and Robbers. Small depositor treated with all the courtesy of larger ones.

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Capital Stock, \$15,000.
Deposits, \$60,000.
COMMERCIAL BANK,
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S. R. COLLIER, President. W. A. DUNCAN, Cashier.
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A Sure Specific for Mental Strabismus

A Yearly Treatment—52 Doses—Guaranteed to Cure the most confirmed cases of Cussedness—or kill the Cuss.

1 Year's Treatment, Warmer than Tabasco!

Fearless in Expression

Periodical for brainy people. Too strong

Send in your simoleon and get on

Police Courage

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of the heavens and struck the mountain where she could actually see them. There were no words to describe the tremendous crashings which seemed to splinter the hills, to be succeeded by brief periods of silence, to be followed by louder and more terrific detonations.

In one of those appalling alternations from sound to silence she heard a human cry—an answering cry to her own. It came from the hills behind her. It must proceed, she thought, from the man. She could not meet that man, although she craved human companionship as never before, she did not want him. She could not bear it. Better the wrath of God, the fury of the tempest.

Heedless of the sharp note of warning, of appeal, in the voice ere it was drowned by another roll of thunder, she plunged on in the darkness. The canon narrowed here; she made her way down the ledges, leaping rocklessly from rock to rock, slipping, falling, grazing now one side, now the other, hurling herself forward with white face and bruised body and torn hands and throbbing heart that would fain burst its bonds. There was once an ancient legend, a human creature, menaced by all the furies, pitilessly pursued by every malefic spirit of earth and air; like him this sweet young girl, innocent, lovely, erstwhile happy, fled before the storm.

Then the heavens burst, and the fountains of the great deeps were broken open and with absolute littleness the floods descended. The burning clouds, torn asunder by the wild winds, driven by the pent-up lightning within their black and turgid breasts, disburdened themselves. The water came down, as it did of old when God washed the face of the world, in a flood. The narrow of the canon was filled ten, twenty, thirty feet in a moment by the cloud burst. The black water rolled and foamed, surging like the rapids at Niagara.

The body of the girl, utterly unprepared, was caught up in a moment and flung like a ball from a catapult down the scorching sea filled with the trunks of the trees and the debris of the mountains, tossing about humanly in the wild confusion. She struck out strongly swimming more because of the instinct of life than for any other reason. A helpless atom in the boiling flood, growing every minute greater and greater as the angry skies disgorged themselves of their pent-up torrents upon her devoted head.

CHAPTER VI.

Death, Life and the Resurrection.
The man was coming back from one of his rare visits to the settlements. Ahead of him he drove a train of burros who, well broken to their work, followed with docility the wise old leader in the advance. The burros were laden with his supplies for the approaching winter. The season was late, the mountains would soon be impassable on account of the snows, in deed he chose the late season always for his buying in order that he might not be followed, and it was his habit to buy in different places at different years that his repeated and expected presence at one spot might not arouse suspicion.

Interfused with his fellow men was confined to this yearly visit to a settlement, and even that was of the briefest nature, confined always to the business in hand. Even when busy in the town he pitched a small tent in the open on the outskirts and dwelt apart. No men there in those days tried into the business of other men too closely. Curiously was neither safe nor necessary. If he aroused transient interest or speculation it soon died away. He vanished into the mountains and as he came no more to that place, he was soon forgotten.

Withdrawing from his fellow men and avoiding their society, this man was never so satisfied as when alone in the silent hills. His heart and spirit rose with every step he made away from the main traveled roads or the more difficult mountain trails.

For several days he journeyed through the mountains, choosing the wildest and most inaccessible parts for his going. Amid the canons and peaks he threaded his way with unerring accuracy, ascending higher and higher until at last he reached the mountain acro, the lonely hermitage, where he made his home. There he roved in his isolation. What had been punishment, exaltation, had at last become pleasure.

Civilization was bursting through the hills in every direction, railways were being pushed hither and thither, the precious metals were being discovered at various places and after them came hordes of men and with them—God save the mark—women; but his section of the country had hitherto been unvisited even by hunters, explorers, miners or pleasure seekers. He was glad, as he had grown to love the spot where he had made his home, and he had no wish to be forced, like little Joe, to move on.

Once a man who loved the strife, noble or ignoble, of the maddening crowd, he had grown accustomed to silence, habituated to solitude. Winter and summer alike he roamed the mountains, diving into every forest, exploring every hidden canyon, surmounting every (unconquerable) peak; the storm, no snow, no condition of wind or weather daunted him or stopped him.

He had no human companionship by which to try his mettle, but nevertheless over the world of the material which lay about him he was a master as he was a man. He found some occupation, too, in the following of old Adam's inheritance; during the pleasant months of summer he made such gardens as he could. His profession of making engines gave him other employment. Round about him lay treasures inestimable, precious metals abounded in the hills. He had located them, tested, analyzed, estimated the wealth that was his for the taking—it was as valueless to him as the doubloons and golden guineas were to Selkirk on his island. Yet the knowledge that it was there gave him an enervating sense of potential power, unconsciously enormously flattering to his self-esteem.

Sometimes he wandered to the extreme verge of the range and on clear days saw far beneath him the smoke of great cities of the plains. He could be master among men as he was a master among mountains. If he chose, on any occasion he he laughed cynically, scornfully, yet rarely did he ever give way to such emotions. A great and terrible sorrow was upon him; cherishing a great passion he had withdrawn himself from the common lot to dwell upon it. From a perverted sense of exaltation, in a madness of grief, horror and despair, he had made himself a prisoner to his ideas in the desert of the mountains. Back to his cabin he would hasten, and there surrounded by his living memories—deaths, yet of the dead!—he would recreate the past until dejection drove him abroad on the hills to meet God if not man—of woman. Night-day, sunshine-shadow, heat-cold, storm-calm; these were his life.

Having disburdened his faithful animals of their packs and having seen them safely bestowed for the winter in the corral he had built near the base of the cliff upon which his rude home was situated, he took his rifle one morning for one of those lonely walks across the mountains from which he drew such comfort because he fancied the absence of men conducted to the nearness of God. It was a delusion as old nearly as the Christian religion. Many had made themselves hermits in the past in remote spots for sin and for love toward God; this man had buried himself in the wilderness in part for the first of these causes, in order to escape the eyes of women. In the days of evil and sudden change he had been content to a remembrance, and abiding in his determination for five swift moving years. The world for him had stopped its progress in one brief moment five years back—the rest was silence. What had happened since then out yonder where people were mated he did not know and he did not greatly care.

In his visits to the settlements he asked no questions, he bought no papers, he manifested no interest in the world; some things in him had died in one fell moment, and there had been, as yet, no resurrection. Yet life, hope, and ambition do not die, they are indeed eternal. Reorganizing his life with its tremendous activities, its awful anxieties, its wearisome strains, its rare triumphs, its opportunities for achievement, for service; hope with its illuminations, its encouragements, its expectations, ambition with its stimulus, its force, its power; and greatest of all, love, itself alone—all three were latent in him. In touch with a woman these had gone. Something as powerful and as human must bring them back.

It was against nature that a man dowered as he should so live to himself alone. Some voice should cry in his soul in its ceremonies of futile remorse, vain expiations and benumbing recollection; some voice should burst these grave clothes self-wound about him and be once more a man and a master among men, rather than the hermit and the recluse of the solitudes.

He did not allow these thoughts to come into his life; indeed, it is quite likely that he scarcely realized them at all; yet, such possibilities did not present themselves to him. Perhaps the man was a little mad that morning, maybe he trembled on the verge of a break-upward, downward. I know not so it be away—unconsciously as he strode along the range that morning.

He had been walking for some hours, and as he grew thirsty it occurred to him to descend to the level of the brook which he sometimes caught a flashing glimpse through the trees. He scrambled down the rocks and found himself in a thick grove of pine. Making his way slowly and with great difficulty through the tangle of fallen timber which lay in every direction, the sound of a human voice, the last thing on earth to be expected in that wilderness, smote upon the fearful hollow of his ear.

Any voice or any word then and there would have surprised him, but there was a note of awful terror in this voice, a sound of frightened appeal. The desperation in the cry left him no moment for thought, the demand was for action. The cry was not addressed to him, apparently, but to God; yet it was he who answered, sent doubtless by that Overlooking Power who works in such mysterious ways His will to perform!

He leaped over the intervening trees to the edge of the forest where the rapid waters ran. To the right of him rose a huge rock, or cliff, in front of him the canon bent sharply to the north, and beneath him a few rods away a speck of white gleamed above the water of a deep and still pool that he knew.

There was a woman there! He had time for but the swiftest glance; he had surmised that the voice was not that of a man's voice instantly he heard it, and now he was sure. She stood white breast deep in the water staring ahead of her. The next second he saw what had alarmed her—a Grizzly Bear, the largest, fiercest, most formidable specimen he had ever seen. There were a few of those monsters still left in the range; he himself had killed several.

The woman had not seen him. He was a silent man by long habit, accustomed to saying nothing, he said nothing now. But instantly aiming from the hip with a wondrous skill and a perfect mastery of the weapon, and indeed a short range for so huge a target, he jumped bullet after bullet from his Winchester into the evil monarch of the mountains. The first shot did for him, but making assurance doubly and trebly sure, he fired again and again. Satisfied at last that the bear was dead, and observing that he had fallen upon the clothes of the bear, he turned, descended the stream for a few yards until he came to a place where it was easily fordable, leaped through it without a glance toward the woman shivering in the water, whose sensation so far as a mere man could, he thoroughly understood and appreciated, and having not forgotten to be a gentleman in five years of his own society—high test of quality, that.

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He Caught a Glimpse of Her White, Desperate Face.

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halted him, held him back. A man cannot stay away five years from men and women and be himself with them in the twinkling of an eye. And when to that instinctive and acquired reluctance against which he struggled in vain, he added the assurance that whatever his message he would be unwelcome on account of what had gone before; he could not force himself to go to her or even to call to her, not yet. He would keep her under surveillance, however, and if the worst came he could intervene in time to rescue her. He counted without his cost, his usual judgment bewildered. So he followed her through the trees and down the bank.

Now he was so engrossed in her and so agitated that his caution slept, his experience was forgotten. The storm in his own breast was so great that it overshadowed the storm brewing above. Her way was easier then his, and he had fallen some distance behind when suddenly there rushed upon him the fact that a frightful and unlooked for cloudburst was about to occur above their heads. A lightning flash and a thunder clap at last arrested his attention. Then, but not until then, he flung everything to the winds and amid the sullen and almost continuous peals of thunder he sent cry after cry toward her which were lost in the tremendous diapason of sound that echoed and re-echoed through the rifts of the mountains.

"Wait," he cried again and again. "Come up higher. Get out of the canon. You'll be drowned!" But he had waited too long. The storm had developed too rapidly; she was too far ahead of and beneath him. She heard nothing but the sound of a voice, shrill, menacing, fraught with terror for her, not a word distinguishable; scarcely to her disturbed soul even a human voice. It seemed like the wild cry of some wild spirit of the storm. It sounded to her overwrought nerves so utterly inhuman that she only ran the faster.

The canon swerved and then doubled back, but he knew its direction. Looking sight of her for the moment he plunged straight ahead through the trees, cutting off the bend, leaping with superhuman agility and strength over rocks and logs until he reached a point where the rift narrowed between two walls and ran deeply. There and then the heavens opened and the floods came and beat into the open maw of that vast crevice and filled it in an instant.

As the deluge came roaring down, bearing onward the sweepings and scourgings of the mountains, he caught a glimpse of her white desperate face rising, falling, now disappearing, now coming into view again, in the foamy mist of the torrent. He ran to the cliff bank and throwing aside his gun he scrambled down the wall to a certain shelf of the rock over which the rising water broke thinly. Ordinarily it was twenty feet above the creek bed. Bracing himself against a jagged projection he waited praying. The canon was so narrow that he could have leaped to the other side and yet it was too narrow for him to reach her if the water did not sweep her toward his feet. It was all done in a second. Fortunately a projection on the other side threw the force of the torrent toward him and saved the woman.

She had been struck by a log unheeded by some mighty wave, her hands were moving feebly, her eyes were closed, she was drowning, dying, but indomitably battling on. He stooped down and as a surge lifted her, he threw his arm around her waist and then he braced himself against the rock to sustain the full thrust of the mighty flood. As he seized her she gave way suddenly, as if after having done all that she could there was now nothing left but to trust herself to his hand and God's. She hung a dead weight on his arm in the ravelling water which dragged and tore at her madly. He was a man of giant strength, but the struggle had done too much even for him. It seemed as if the mountain behind him was giving way. He set his teeth, he tried desperately to hold on, he thrust out his right hand, holding her with the other one, and claved at the dripping rock in vain. In a moment the torrent mastered him and when it did so it seized him with fury and threw him like a stone from a sling into the seething vortex of the mid-stream. But in all this he did not, or would not, release her.

Such was the swiftness of the motion with which they were swept downward that he had little time to swim, his only effort was to keep his head above water and to keep from being dashed against the logs that tumbled and ever and over whirled sideways, or were jammed into clusters only to burst out on every hand. He struggled furiously to keep himself from being overwhelmed in the seething madness, and what was harder, to keep the lifeless woman in his arms from being stricken or wrenched away. He knew that below the narrow where the canon widened the water would subside, the awful fury of the rain would presently cease. If he could steer clear of the rocks in the broad he might win to land with her.

The chances against him were thousands to nothing. But what are chances to the eyes of God! The man in his solitude had not forgotten to pray, his habits stood him in good stead now. He petitioned, shortly, brokenly, in brief unspoken words as he battled through the long dragging seconds.

Fighting, clinging, struggling, praying, he was swept on. Heavier and heavier the woman dragged in an unconscious heap. It would have been easier for him if he had let her go; she would never know and he could then escape. The idea never once occurred to him. He had indeed with-drawn from his kind, but when one depended upon him all the old appeal of weak humanity awoke quick responsive in the bosom of the strong. He would die with the stranger rather than yield her to the torrent or admit himself beaten and give up the fight. So the conscious and the unconscious struggled through the narrow of the canon.

Presently with the rush and hurl of a bullet from the mouth of a gun, they found themselves in a shallow lake through which the waters still

rushed mightily, breaking over rocks, digging away shallow-rooted trees, leaping, hitting, snarling, tearing at the big walls spread away on either side. He had husbanded some of his strength for this final effort, this last chance of escape. Below them at the other end of this open the walls came together again. There the descent was sharper than before and the water ran to the opening with racing speed. Once again in the torrent and they would be swept to death in spite of all.

Shifting his grasp to the woman's hair, new unbound, he held her with one hand and swam hard with the other. The current still ran swiftly but with no gigantic upheaving waves as before. It was more easy to avoid floating timber and debris, and on one side where the ground sloped somewhat gently the quick water flowed more slowly. He struck out desperately for it, forcing himself away from the main stream into the shallows and ever dragging the woman. Was it hours or minutes or seconds after that he gained the battle and neared the shore at the lowest edge?

He caught with his forearm, as the torrent swerved him around, a stout young pine so deeply rooted as yet to have withstood the flood. Summoning the last reserve of strength that he bestowed upon us in our hour of need, and comes unless from God we know not whence, he drew himself in front of the pine, got his back against it and although the water thundered against him still—only by comparison could it be called quiet—and his foothold was most precarious, he reached down carefully and grasped the woman under the shoulders. His position was a cramped one, but by the power of his arms alone he lifted her up until he got his left arm about her waist again. It was a mighty feat of strength indeed.

(Continued next week)

Fine Property For Sale

We have for sale a new ten room house, well built and nicely finished and plumbed for gas, all heaters (except cooking stove) included, in West Liberty. Two acres of land with house. Also 45 acres of good, level river bottom land (all overflows) two miles from town. Very fertile. For some one who wants to locate here to obtain the advantages of our excellent school and at the same time farm, this is an especially attractive proposition. We will sell both together or separately. Will double in value in two years. See us.

COTTLE & HOVERMALE,
West Liberty, Ky.

Shocking Sounds

in the earth are sometimes heard before a terrible earthquake, that warn of the coming peril. Nature's warnings are kind. That dull pain or ache in the back warns you the Kidney's need attention if you would escape those dangerous maladies, Dropsy, Diabetes or Bright's disease. Take Electric Bitters at once and see backache fly and all your best feelings return. My son received great benefit from their use for kidney and bladder trouble writes Peter Bondy, South Rockwood, Mich. It is certainly a great kidney medicine." Try it 50c at all druggists.

Morehead & North Fork Railroad.

MOREHEAD DIVISION.

South Bound.				Time Table No. 7.				North Bound.			
No.1	No.5	No.9	Mt's	STATIONS	No.4	No.8	No.12				
Ar daily	Ar daily	Ar daily			Ar daily	Ar dly	Ar Sp				
Sun	Ex Sun	Ex Sun			Ex Sun	Ex Sun	Only				
7:20 a.m.	7:25 p.m.	7:30 a.m.	0.0	Morehead	12:10 p.m.	12:15 p.m.	12:20 p.m.				
7:25 a.m.	7:30 p.m.	7:35 a.m.	1.5	Clearfield	12:25 p.m.	12:30 p.m.	12:35 p.m.				
7:30 a.m.	7:35 p.m.	7:40 a.m.		Summit	12:40 p.m.	12:45 p.m.	12:50 p.m.				
7:35 a.m.	7:40 p.m.	7:45 a.m.	7.5	Lock Fork	12:55 p.m.	1:00 p.m.	1:05 p.m.				
7:40 a.m.	7:45 p.m.	7:50 a.m.	10.5	Taragon	1:10 p.m.	1:15 p.m.	1:20 p.m.				
7:45 a.m.	7:50 p.m.	7:55 a.m.	13.5	Tracy	1:25 p.m.	1:30 p.m.	1:35 p.m.				
7:50 a.m.	7:55 p.m.	8:00 p.m.	15.0	Crane	1:40 p.m.	1:45 p.m.	1:50 p.m.				
7:55 a.m.	8:00 p.m.	8:05 a.m.		Pretty Branch	1:55 p.m.	2:00 p.m.	2:05 a.m.				
8:00 a.m.	8:05 p.m.	8:10 a.m.	18.0	Perlick Fork	2:10 p.m.	2:15 p.m.	2:20 a.m.				
8:05 a.m.	8:10 p.m.	8:15 a.m.		Rockwell	2:25 p.m.	2:30 p.m.	2:35 a.m.				
8:10 a.m.	8:15 p.m.	8:20 a.m.	22.0	Blair's Mills	2:40 p.m.	2:45 p.m.	2:50 a.m.				
8:15 a.m.	8:20 p.m.	8:25 a.m.	25.0	Bedwine	2:55 p.m.	3:00 p.m.	3:05 a.m.				
8:20 a.m.	8:25 p.m.	8:30 a.m.									
Ar daily	Ar daily	Ar daily	8' for regular stop		Ar daily	Ar daily	Ar Sunday				
Ex Sun	Ex Sun	Ex Sun	"F" for flag stop		Ex Sun	Ex Sun	Only				
W. B. Townsend, Jr. Supt.				W. W. Riegle, G. P. A.							

Correspondence

Correspondents.
If you wish to contribute to the Courier, please send your material to the point of view. Don't moralize, don't gush. Short items of news is what we want. Separate the items. Don't begin one item on the line on which you end another.

INDEX

J. F. Walters is teaching a singing school, at the Sycamore Grove school house.

The Courier family got a pay day hustle on them last week, and their paper came on time, that is right boys as we are always glad to get it.

Rev. J. L. Ferguson, was the guest of the writer Sunday, he informed us that his wife who has been in bad health for some time is better.

J. M. Havens, who we reported some time ago as being suffering with lung trouble, is no better.

Phill Gose's little son, "Doyle," is very low with Diphtheria.

Les Perkins, of Panama, died the 10th inst. with Consumption.

Mr. Editor: you will please record my name on your family record as a member. We believe that no candidate or school teacher who is not progressive and enterprising enough to patronize the County paper should be elected to office or employed to teach in school. This is no time for drones or dead beats in important places.

Mr. Dennis Morris, son of the Rev. J. P. Morris Caney, and Miss Laura Lykins, daughter of the Rev. L. A. Lykins, of this place, were quietly united in the Holy bonds of matrimony the 7th at the home of the bride's father in the presence of a number of their friends. J. P. Morris officiating. May this young couple live long and prosper, and may their paths through life be strewn with flowers of contentment is the prayer of the writer.

Wm. Ferguson, an old and highly respected citizen of this county, died at the home of his grandson, James M. Ferguson, near the mouth of Caney, the 7th. He was born Aug. the 10, 1820, and married Miss "Alicie Lykins" Feb. the 4th, 1841, to this union were added 14 children. Of this number only four are living: Rev. J. L., Eli, James and Mrs. Emily Paugh. He joined the old Baptist church over fifty years ago and lived a consistent member, was a devoted husband, a loving father and was always ready to lend a helping hand to those in need. He was buried the 8th inst. in the Haney graveyard by the side of his companion who preceded him to his grave just a few weeks.

PIGHEAD.

MAYTOWN

W. W. Lovely and family have gone to Middletown Ohio.

Floyd Roberson and wife, of Bonny, were visiting Mrs. Roberson's father, W. T. Ward at this place last week.

C. W. Clark, of Hazel Green, was here Saturday on business.

Elisha Shockey was at Lexington last week on business.

C. M. McGuire and R. A. Day made a business trip to Cannel City last week.

S. S. Dennis, of Ezel, transacted business at this place Friday.

Clifford Nickell, representing Trimble Grocery Co., was here Saturday interviewing the Merchants.

Harrison Smith and wife, of Dan, were visiting their daughter Mrs. W. W. Lovely here last week.

V. C. Clark bought a horse of Bruce Nickell, price \$100.

There are several new cases of mumps in this neighborhood at this writing.

Roy and Fannie Rowland visited their uncle Isaac Rowland at Dehart Saturday and Sunday.

I uval and Isaac Rowland, of Dehart, were in our midst last week transacting business.

Mrs. Gillie Nickell and son, Carl of Jeffersonville, are visiting Valentine Nickell and family.

Harrison Swango sold a mare to Lenox Swango, price \$25.00.
UNCLE DICK.

Administrater's Sale.

By virtue of authority vested in me, as admistrator of the estate of the late Robert Patterson, I will, on the 5th day of March, 1912, in front of the post-office, in the town of Ezel, Kentucky, in Morgan county, at the hour of 1 o'clock, P. M., or thereabouts, offer for sale on a credit of three months, to the highest and best bidder, the following described property, to wit:

1 mowing machine, 1 harrow, 1 turning plow, 1 shovel plow, 1 spring wagon, 1 grind stone, and 1 two horse wagon.

I will reserve the right to reject any and all bids. Purchasers will be required to execute sale bonds with approved personal security, for all property bought by them.

Given under my hand, as Administrator of the estate of Robert Patterson, deceased, this 14 day of February, 1912.

J. C. STAMPER,
ADMINISTRATOR.

JAS. M. ELAM,
Watchmaker &
Jeweler,
WEST LIBERTY, KY.
Repairing promptly done.
All work guaranteed.

WATCH FOR IT!
READ IT!
THE CHALICE OF COURAGE
By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY
A Story of a Man and a Wild Horse in the
Rocky Mountains



A STORY OF DREAMLESS INTEREST
THE CHALICE OF COURAGE
By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY
A powerful, vivid, unusual tale of love in the West
IN THIS PAPER! DON'T MISS IT!

Blamed A Good Worker.
"I blamed my heart for severe distress in my left side for two years," writes W. Evans, Danville, Va., "but I know now that it was indigestion, as Dr. King's New Life Pills completely cured me." Best for stomach, liver and kidney trouble, constipation, headache or debility. 25 cents at all druggists.

Electric Bitters
Made A New Man Of Him.
"I was suffering from pain in my stomach, head and back," writes H. P. Alston, Raleigh, N. C., "and my liver and kidneys did not work right, but four bottles of Electric Bitters made me feel like a new man."
PRICE 50 CTS. AT ALL DRUG STORES.

Romantic Ancient Mariners.
Among the ancient mariners the wildest superstitions were rife, but their beliefs in the existence of enchanted spots, such as the alien island of Salpao or of those islets which Sinbad likened to the Gardens of Paradise, were more picturesque and romantic than the gloomy and grotesque imaginings which occupy the mind of the modern seaman.

THE BIG STORE

C. W. WOMACK

Everything for Everybody The Home of Low Prices.

Watch this Space for our advertisements. They will be a History of Bargains.

Call and see how we can save you money on all prchases.

PATENTS
Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained and all legal business conducted for MODERATE FEES.
OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE AND WE CONDUCT PATENT IN LOW TIME AND LOW COST.
Send a drawing or photo, with description. We advise if patentable to suit your purpose. If not, we refund your fee.
A PAPER explaining the NEW BOOKLET, full of patent information. It will help you to secure a patent.
C. A. SNOW & CO.
Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS
TRADE-MARKS and copyrights obtained on fee. Send model, sketches or photos and brief description for FREE ESTIMATE and report on patentability. 25 years experience.
Send a drawing or photo, with description. We advise if patentable to suit your purpose. If not, we refund your fee.
A PAPER explaining the NEW BOOKLET, full of patent information. It will help you to secure a patent.
D. SWIFT & CO.
PATENT LAWYERS,
303 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

Too Bad.
Many a good deed has been spoiled by being done at the wrong time.

O. F. HENRY,
WEST LIBERTY, KENTUCKY,
REPRESENTING
HUTCHINSON STEVENSON HAT COMPANY,
Wholesale Hatters,
Charleston, S. C. West Va.
YOUR ORDERS SOLICITED.

LEXINGTON AND EASTERN

EFFECTIVE JANUARY 1, 1911		
WEST CENTRAL		
No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
Daily	Daily	Daily
Lexington.....	125.00	125.00
Jackson.....	5.65	5.65
O. & K. Junction.....	1.57	1.57
Athol.....	5.31	5.31
Beatsville Junction.....	2.51	2.51
Turkey.....	5.21	5.21
Chapman Junction.....	3.50	3.50
Chas. City.....	5.10	5.10
L. & E. Junction.....	4.37	4.37
Winchester.....	4.50	4.50
At Lexington.....	5.50	5.50

EAST CENTRAL		
No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
Daily	Daily	Daily
Lexington.....	1.50	1.50
Winchester.....	2.17	2.17
L. & E. Junction.....	2.35	2.35
Chas. City.....	3.65	3.65
Chapman Junction.....	3.17	3.17
Turkey.....	4.01	4.01
Beatsville Junction.....	4.16	4.16
Athol.....	4.52	4.52
O. & K. Junction.....	5.10	5.10
Jackson.....	5.21	5.21
At Lexington.....	11.25	11.25

The following connections are made daily except Sunday.

Train No. 1 will make connection at Lexington with L. & N. for Louisville, Ky. No. 2 will make connection with the L. & N. at Lexington for Cincinnati, O.
Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 will connect with the Mount Airy Central Ry. for passengers to and from Mount Airy, N. C.
Trains No. 1, 2 and 3 will make connection with L. & N. Railway for Bottetown, Va.
Trains No. 3 & 4 connect at O. & K. Junction for points on O. & K. Ry.

HEADQUARTERS FOR
Staple & Fancy
Groceries

All New and Fresh! My Prices are the Lowest. The Quality Best.
Soft Drinks

D. R. Keeton Main Street

MORGAN COUNTY NATIONAL
BANK
OF CANNEL CITY, KENTUCKY

Capital, \$25,000
Surplus, (Earned) 20,000
Average Deposits, 100,000

Authorized U S Depository.

YOUR ACCOUNT CORDIALLY SOLICITED.
M. L. CONLEY, President. JOE C. STAMPER, Vice-Pres.
CUSTR JONES, Cashier.

WINCHESTER BANK,
WINCHESTER KY

Capital and Surplus \$300,000
Deposits over Half Million
Solicits Your Accounts
Correspondence Invited.

N. H. WITHERSPOON, President.
W. R. SPRAR, Cashier.

Wanted,
We are still short the following numbers of the COURIER: 6, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 22 and 24. Any one who will send or bring us these numbers will be suitably rewarded.
Subscribe for the Courier, boys.

LAUNDRY.
Laundry called for and delivered promptly and careful service rendered. Give me your laundry. I have the agency formerly held by Mrs. H. C. Rose.
Adah Caraway.

10 SHOTS

at your finger tips in the SAVAGE 32 Caliber, Automatic Pistol.

Special features which will app

Ten Shots: Double the number contained in an and two more than any other auto
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